

# In Recital

**Tom Macleay, tenor**

assisted by

**Roger Admiral, harpsichord/piano**

**Thursday, April 17, 1997 at 8:00 pm**

**Convocation Hall, Arts Building**



**Department of Music  
University of Alberta**

## Program

From *Euridice* (1600)

Invocatione di Orfeo

From *Orphée et Euridice* (1774)

J'ai perdu mon Euridice

Jacopo Peri  
(1560-1625)

Christoph Willibald Gluck  
(1714-1787)

Cantata: *Orphée* (1710)

Louis-Nicolas Clérambault  
(1676-1749)

Teresa Hron, recorder  
Grant Sigurdson, violin  
Kerri McGonigle, cello

## Intermission

Still Falls the Rain, Op. 55 (1954)

Canticle III (for tenor, horn and piano)

Benjamin Britten  
(1913-1976)

Texts: Edith Sitwell

Jennifer Green, horn

From *My Fair Lady* (1956)

On the Street Where you Live

Frederick Loewe  
(1901-1988)

Lyrics: Alan Jay Lerner  
Samuel Barber  
(1910-1981)

From *Vanessa* (1954)

Outside this house

Libretto: Gian Carlo Menotti  
Kurt Weill  
(1900-1950)

Lyrics: Langston Hughes

From *Street Scene* (1947)

Lonely House

This recital is presented in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Music degree for Mr Macleay.

Mr Macleay is a recipient of the Beryl Barns Memorial Awards (Undergraduate).

Reception to follow in the Arts Lounge.

## Translations

### Invocatione di Orfeo - Invocation of Orpheus

Rejoice ye at my singing,  
O verdant forests,  
Rejoice, O hills beloved,  
and everywhere round  
Echo will answer from the valleys concealed.

Revived is my bright sun.  
radiant in splendour,  
And with her clear eyes,  
that e'en put Delos to shame,  
New fire in us she kindles,  
Today brings new light,  
And captive makes to Love both Heaven and Earth.

Text translation: Constance Purdy

### J'ai perdu mon Euridice - I Have Lost my Euridice

I have lost my Euridice.  
Nothing equals my despair.  
Cruel fate! What severity!  
I am overwhelmed with grief.  
Euridice! Euridice!  
Answer me. What torture! Answer me!  
Your faithful husband  
is calling you!  
Deathly silence!  
Vain hope!  
What suffering!  
What torment tears my heart!

### Orphée - Orpheus

#### Recitative

The renowned singer of Thrace, in the most touching sighs  
and tender melodies, thus bemoaned his misfortune.

#### Aria

Faithful Echoes of these woods, reply no longer to my  
voice! Nothing can relieve the sorrow that besets me. No  
more shall I see the object of my tender passion.

#### Recitative

Was lover ever so unfortunate or fate so monstrous? Sweet  
love joined us; cruel death parts us. (Da capo)

#### Recitative

Yet what use is it to my despair to moan and grieve still  
more. Pluto holds captive those charms which I adore. Let  
us away to beseech his power. This dark abyss shows me a  
path to the gloomy shores. Let me take there my love, my  
grief and my rage. May I lead back Euridice or remain in  
the Abode of the Dead.

#### Aria

Go, Orpheus, go! Let your noblest love be an example to  
the world. It is a fine thing that a mortal will brave even  
the Underworld to be with whom he loves. Hurry noble  
lover! Your love adds lustre to your name. The future will  
find it hard to believe that one may have loved so  
faithfully. Wedded love has not yet forced a husband to  
cross on the very boat of Charon. This honour is due  
solely to you. (Da capo)

#### Recitative

Meanwhile, the hero reaches the infernal shore and, despite  
the laws of Atropos, to the proud God of the Underworld  
addresses these words:

#### Aria

Dread Monarch of these gloomy realms, I am the Son of  
the God of Light, a hundred times unhappier than your  
saddest Shades. And my sorrow is through love. You see  
before you a faithful lover deprived of the sole object  
which had inflamed him. Alas! Alas! the happiness of  
being loved makes my grief all the more cruel.

#### Recitative

Let my tears move you. Make amends for the whims of a  
hideous fate. Give me back my dear Euridice; do not  
separate two loving hearts.

#### Aria

You have felt the fire of that God whose arrows I feel. The  
sweet daughter of Ceres, by her divine beauty, knew how  
to fire your soul. (Da capo recit)

#### Recitative

Pluto, amazed to hear tones that could move to pity all the  
Empire of the Dead (exclaimed): Cease rousing my  
compassion; let your plaint be finished. Go dangerous  
mortal, run from these regions. Go, take away your  
Euridice. But before seeing the light of the Heavens, avoid  
the brightness of her eyes.

#### Aria

Sing of the resounding victory won by tender love. Even  
as far as the gloomy region of Hades its flame is  
triumphant. (Da capo)

